

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

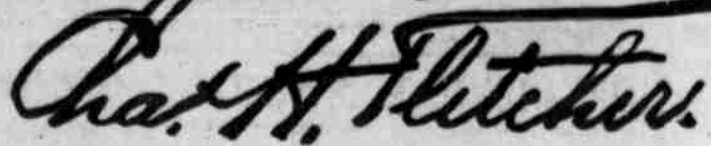
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IN THE RAIN

It was Sunday noon. Spannerton had rushed over to the suburban railroad station just in time to be caught in the pouring rain that began suddenly. As he stamped the water from his shoes he saw the girl about whom he had been wondering for weeks.

She was clad in velvet as brown as her eyes and her big hat, also of velvet, was all adrift with plumes. The most ignorant of men would have realized at sight of her that as to attire this girl was most perishable. Everybody knows that wet feathers are a sight to make a graven image weep, while rained-on velvet has broken many a feminine heart. And the girl did not even have an umbrella.

Spannerton did not have to look at her to know that she was tall and graceful and had big eyes and a lot of fluffy hair and that there was a distracting dimple in each rosy cheek. He had frequently passed her on the street and he had wondered about her, but being a most exemplary young man, he would not for worlds have had it apparent to her that he was interested in her.

He had long wished that he knew her, but he took it out in wishing. She never got run down by an automobile in his presence, so he could not rescue her from anything. He could not ask her for a match to light his cigar, as if she were a man.

Now she stood there under the shelter, anxiously peering out upon the street. Plainly she was unhappy and nervous over the situation. Spannerton saw at once that he ought to offer her the use of his big umbrella. Here was his blessed chance!

But a terrible doubt assailed him. If he offered her the protection of his umbrella would she accept it? Evidently she was anxious to go somewhere, but was her anxiety sufficient to cause her to overlook such an unconventionality as he contemplated? Spannerton felt that she was of a sort to insist on drowning if a would-be rescuer had neglected to secure a proper introduction. He could imagine her raising her eyebrows and freezing him half to death if he so much as came near her. Yet she was in distress!

The rain came down in sheets. Spannerton in his indecision walked by the girl to the other end of the platform and then irresolutely walked back again. There was a little frown of despair on her face, which touched him. He half-halted and then she turned her back on him and he walked on.

At the end of the platform he reflected that possibly she had meant nothing personal in turning her back, so he walked toward her again. She drifted at once in the opposite direction with her face turned toward the street. She was ostentatious in showing that Spannerton simply did not exist so far as she was concerned.

Spannerton told himself that he was a fool. Even if he had never laid eyes on her before and even if she had been homely as a hedgehog ordinarily he would have recognized his duty and at once proffered his umbrella. Why, then, simply because he so much wanted to know her, should he hesitate?

The long and the short of it was that he didn't dare. And yet he felt most acutely just how badly she hated getting that velvet outfit ruined in the rain, which showed no signs of stopping. It was all utterly ridiculous!

As he paced miserably back and forth before her corner Spannerton had another unhappy thought. What if she were hating him for his selfishness in owning such a large and sheltering umbrella? Hastily he transferred it to the other hand, where it was not so plainly visible to her. Even though he did not know her name he could not bear to have her hate him!

His train was coming, but Spannerton paid no attention to it. He couldn't desert her.

Just then somebody ran up the steps obscured by extra raincoats and umbrellas in his arms. He whooped joyously when he saw the girl in brown velvet and then whooped again when he saw Spannerton. It was Bodley, whom Spannerton knew well. "Chump!" said Bodley in great disgust to Spannerton. "Have you stood here with that circus-tent umbrella all this time and let our dinner get cold while we waited for my cousin? Why weren't you a hero and a soldier? Why didn't you bring her over?"

"Why," stammered Spannerton in congealed horror at Bodley's denunciation, "I—"

"Yes," said the girl in brown velvet with a little flicker of a smile. "He's just been walking up and down, taunting me with that huge umbrella! I thought every minute he'd be kind enough to—"

"You thought!" repeated Spannerton, with indignant sternness. "Why, you never so much as glanced within a million miles of me and I didn't dare—"

"Well, you ought to have known anyhow!" said the girl in brown velvet with lovely inconsistency. "I don't believe you were worried a particle about my getting rained on!"

Spannerton opened and shut his lips twice at this unjust blow. Then he spoke. "I'll be your shadow till I prove to you how much I've wanted to know you," he said.

Mrs. Powell Almost Dead.

Dry Ridge, Ky.—"I could hardly walk across the room," says Mrs. Lydia Powell, of Dry Ridge, "before I tried Cardui. I was so poorly. I was almost dead. Now, I can walk four miles and do my work with much more ease. I praise Cardui for my wonderful cure." Cardui is successful in benefiting sick women, because it is composed of ingredients, that act specifically on the womanly constitution, relieving headache, backache, irregularity, misery and distress. Only a good medicine could show such continual increase in popularity as Cardui has, for the past 50 years. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic.

SCHOOLMA'AM WAS PLUCKY

Miss Carrie Fish Made Round Trip Journey of 1,200 Miles in Arizona to Take Examination.

In Arizona it is the law that a prospective teacher, lacking normal school or college credentials, must stand examination at the county seat. This necessity for appearance for examination at Flagstaff, the political center of Coconino county, lately confronted Miss Carrie E. Fish, a young woman who came from Ohio two months ago to teach at Fredonia, the northernmost settlement of Arizona.

Mainly populated by Mormon stockmen and their families, it is situated on Kanab Wash, only three miles south of the Utah line. Flagstaff is to the southward 130 miles, but direct passage would be possible only to a bird, for between is the Grand Canon of the Colorado river, a mile deep and 14 miles broad.

The only road to Flagstaff is 235 miles long, by way of Lee's ferry across the Colorado and through a desert, dangerous and almost uninhabited country for almost all the way, the trail rarely used by any travelers save Navajo and Mopai Indians, through whose reservation it passes.

So the little schoolma'am bravely started northward for Flagstaff by stage to a point on the Salt Lake railroad in Utah, transferring to the Santa Fe system at Barstow, Cal. The round trip was one of 1,200 miles, consuming 12 days, the cost a serious tax upon her salary for the term. But she passed the examination.—Flagstaff Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MARDI GRAS

Celebration, New Orleans, La., Feb. 23-28, 1911.

The Illinois Central will sell round trip tickets to New Orleans account the above occasion at the rate of \$18 for the round trip. Dates of sale, Feb. 21 to 27, 1911. Tickets good returning to reach original starting point not later than midnight of March 11, 1911, unless extended at New Orleans. Tickets will be extended to March 27 upon payment of fee of \$1.00.

T. L. Morrow, Agent.

STRANGE ROMANCE IN ITALY

Young Fisherman at Bari Is Discovered by His Now Wealthy Parents, Who Abandoned Him at Birth.

There is material for a thrilling romance in the remarkable story which comes from Bari, in Italy, concerning a fisherman who, though twenty years of age, has just found his father and mother. Twenty years ago, a young wife from Strassburg gave birth to a boy in an hotel at Bari. The child was so weak that it was not expected to live. The mother herself was ill, and her husband had her conveyed to Germany. The parents did not want to be bothered with the ailing child, so they confided it to an orphanage. The couple proceeded to Strassburg, where they prospered in business, making a large fortune. It now occurred to them to inquire after the fate of their child whom they feared must have died. To their great surprise they learned through the German consul that their son was not dead, but was earning his living as a fisherman. His mother arrived in Bari, and found in the young fisherman a strong resemblance to her husband. The young man, who does not understand a word of German, was at once rigged out in new clothes, and proceeded with his mother to Germany.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SEEKING SAFETY

"Adelaide," said Brentwood to his wife with a suspicion of reproach in his voice, "I should think you'd be afraid to leave your jewelry lying around so carelessly." He was idling at his wife's dressing table and he picked up two diamond rings and a pearl brooch as he spoke. "Some of your handsomest ornaments are lying here in plain sight on this silver tray."

"That's where I always keep them, Tom," casually answered Mrs. Brentwood, who was intent on some Christmas embroidery.

"Well, I don't consider the top of a dressing table a safe place at all." "I've never lost anything of value yet," said Mrs. Brentwood, soothingly.

"There always has to be a first time, you know. If you take my advice you will put your rings and pins away a little more carefully, to say the least. I'm afraid diamonds and pearls won't grow on our Christmas tree this year, so you'd better take care of those you have."

"Very well, Tom," agreed Mrs. Brentwood good naturedly.

The next morning just as she was going out she remembered her promise and hastily cast about for some place in which to hide her little collection of jewelry.

"I never did believe in locking up things," she said to herself, "for if thieves get in of course they break into locked drawers the very first thing."

A few minutes later she turned the key of her apartment door with the satisfied feeling that she had outwitted the shrewdest burglar.

She did not give her jewelry another thought until one evening a few days later when she and Brentwood were dressing to go out.

"I believe I'll wear my pearl brooch, Tom," she remarked.

"Yes, it will look all right with that gray dress," he answered. "You haven't been wearing your rings lately, have you?"

"No, it was too much trouble to get them out. After you cautioned me I put them all away, but I'll get them now."

Brentwood smiled as he adjusted his tie.

"Tom," she cried, returning in a moment with a tragic face, where are your tan shoes that were in the shoe bag in the hall closet?"

"The man with the shoe-blackening place under my office said he'd dye them black for me, so I took them down this morning. There was no use saving them for next summer."

"Do you know anything about that man?" Mrs. Brentwood strove to speak calmly, but her voice was tremulous. "Is he honest?"

"Why, what do you care about my tan shoes, Adelaide? Even if he should run away with them they wouldn't be much of a loss."

"But is he honest? Tell me that," demanded Mrs. Brentwood, excitedly.

"Hanged if I know. I don't know a thing about him. Why, Adelaide, what is the matter?"

"Tom, all my jewelry—rings, brooch, chain and locket—were in one of your tan shoes!"

"Good heavens! What were they there for?"

"For safe keeping. You know you said I oughtn't to keep my jewelry around in plain sight, so the very next morning after you said that I wrapped them up in tissue paper and put them in the toe of one of your tan shoes."

"Well, of all the weird, unheard-of places!"

"I never supposed you'd go near those shoes again this winter and I knew no burglar would look in such a place for jewels. I thought they would be perfectly safe and now you've gone and just calmly handed them away to a man you don't know anything about. Oh, Tom, what shall we do?"

"I'll run them down if I can," replied Brentwood between his teeth, as he fairly jumped out of his evening coat and into plain attire. "I'll phone you if I find any clew at the office building."

It seemed like midnight at least to Mrs. Brentwood before she heard from her husband, but it was really only 10:30 o'clock when the telephone rang with the comforting news that the jewelry was safe.

"It's just sheer good luck that your stuff didn't fall into dishonest hands," said Brentwood before he rang off. "This little vagary of yours has kept me chasing all over town tonight in a taxi. Don't you ever be so foolish again, Adelaide, as to hide away your valuables."

"Well, of all the unreasonable creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Brentwood as she hung up the receiver with a sigh of mingled relief and exasperation. "My vagary indeed!"

Worst of it.

Correspondence School Agent—But our system requires only one hour's work at home each day.

Prospective Student—Yes; but you don't understand what an hour's work at my home means.—Puck.

A Point to Remember.

"Don't you think it shockingly vulgar to call the human head a 'bean'?" "Yes. It is also inapplicable sometimes, because there is no such thing as an empty bean."

Tennessee Central

Time Table No. 1 Taking Effect
SUNDAY, July 10, 1910.

EAST BOUND

Leave Hopkinsville 6:30 a.m.
Arrive Nashville... 9:30 a.m.
No. 14 Leave Hopkinsville 4:00 p.m.
Arrive Nashville... 7:15 p.m.

WEST BOUND

No. 11 Leave Nashville... 8:10 a.m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 11:20 a.m.
No. 13 Leave Nashville... 5:05 p.m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 8:15 p.m.
T. L. MORROW, Agent.



Time Table.

No. 57.

In effect Oct 29, 1910.

NORTH BOUND. EVANSVILLE
No. 332—Evansville—Acro-
modation... 5 40 a.m.
No. 302—Evansville—Mattoon
Express... 11 25 a.m.
No. 340 Princeton mixed... 4 15 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND. ARRIVES
No. 341—Hopkinsville mixed
... 9 15 a.m.
No. 321—Evansville—Hopkins-
ville mail... 3 50 p.m.
No. 301—Evansville—Hopkins-
ville Express... 6 40 p.m.

Train No. 332 connects at Princeton for Paducah, St. Louis and way stations, also runs through to Evansville.

Train No. 302 connects at Princeton for Louisville, Cincinnati, way stations and all points East, also runs through to Evansville.

Trains No. 340 and 341, local trains between Hopkinsville and Princeton.
T. L. MORROW, Agent.



TIME TABLE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:51 a.m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:23 p.m.
No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim., 5:25 a.m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p.m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:18 p.m.
No. 90—Evansville—Hopkinsville
Accommodation 4:20 p.m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p.m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a.m.
No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p.m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a.m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:23 a.m.
No. 91—Evansville—Hopkinsville
Accommodation 9:10 a.m.

No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other points West.
No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis in points as far south as Elgin and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

No. 53 and 55 make direct runs at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.

No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will not carry passengers to point South of Evansville. Also carries through sleepers to St. Louis.

No. 93 through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will not carry local passengers for points North Nashville, Tenn.

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